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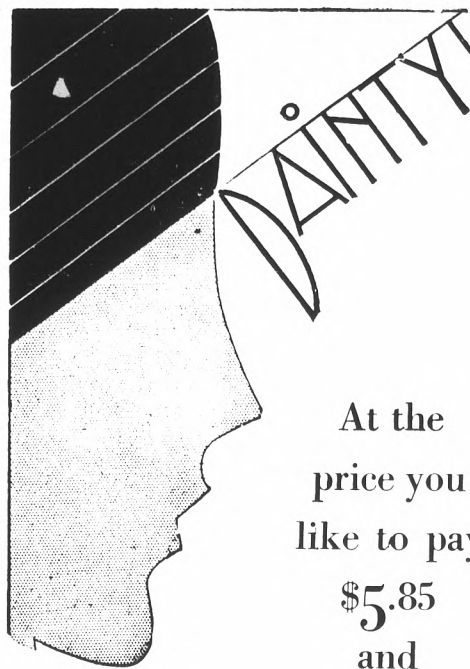
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Also "EASTERN AND

FUTURE OF WOMEN'S ATHLETICS"

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THE OODON

VACATION NUMBER

"WITH ONE AIM—TO SERVE STUDENTS AND COLLEGE"

PUBLISHED BY THE ASSOCIATED STUDENTS OF
SANTA ANA JUNIOR COLLEGE

VOL. 2

DECEMBER, 1929

NO. 1

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Over The Editor's Desk

NOW IT'S A TRADITION

The dream of editors for several years past—an annual publication of the Don in magazine form—was realized for the first time by Ray Lindman last year. His venture into a far different field than that of the newspaper resulted in a very praiseworthy magazine. We hope that the Don Magazine has now become a tradition and that future editors will deem it their duty, as well as their joy to continue and develop this publication.

By no means does the Don Magazine compete with The Tavern Post. Both cover fields far removed from each other as the Post contains matter essentially literary—matter which would be as interesting two years hence as today—whereas the Don specializes in current articles. The two new-born babes may grow side by side with little fear of opposition.

THE STUDENT CENTER

For two years Santa Ana Junior College has been contemplating the building of a student center, and has even designed elaborate plans for it. For two years students and faculty have voiced the need of such an improvement; have seen the crowded conditions and listened to complaints because of the noise of students congregated in the arches. The Executive Board, after a thorough investigation of the proposition, finds it sound, and heartily approving of it. No objection has been audible nor has any disadvantage been cited, yet, according to a report from the Board of Education, several members objected to it on the basis that it would be improper to have benches there, inferring that students might spend their time "necking", and that, anyway, there is no suitable location for it.

The first reason is so ridiculous it is not worth considering and the second is evidently a misconception of our campus. Maybe the objecting members will find



MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

Thanksgiving, Christmas and New Year! The sequence of these happy and ancient festivals has great significance to California students and teachers.

Nineteen twenty-nine has been a good year to us. Nature has been kind and we have prospered abundantly. Our Thanksgiving has been genuine.

No better way of realizing one's thankfulness can be found than by doing good to others. We arrive as full of spiritual stature only as we render real service to others. May we laden our Christmas gifts with the spirit of love and understanding.

We turn hopefully forward to the joyous New Year, radiant with its new promises and bright hopes. We are better prepared to face the problems and tasks which 1930 will bring because of the experiences of 1929.

May Christmas, 1929, be a joyous climax to a year of progress and service.

D. K. HAMMOND, President

time to take a day off to go for a little jaunt over our campus, and if they should, they would discover that there is ample room and suitable locations for several student centers. Nobody proposed erecting a circus tent. The board last year gave school authorities permission to build a center costing \$250 but for some unknown reason it was not carried out. It ought to be just as feasible now.

One member of the faculty suggests that the Associated Student body buy enough folding chairs so that students could borrow them and retire to some quiet nook to study or converse.

The Executive Board should certainly make the recommendation that a student center be included in the plans for the new Central junior college along with other improvements.

IN THIS ISSUE

The Don Magazine has tried to follow the policy of the Weekly Don of offering something of interest to everyone. Two pages are devoted to news stories so that no current event of importance to the college may pass by the student. The service which the Don performs is sacred to the staff and must always continue no matter what may happen.

In this issue Mrs. Jennie Lasby Tessmann, well known for her constant service to Santa Ana, tells us some of the interesting points of modern astronomy; tells us of a planet, composed of substance, a spoonful of which would weigh approximately a ton.

Also the advance of women's athletics and its effect upon the modern woman is told by Coach Ellen Foote.

An alumnus who was well known and well liked at Santa Ana J. C. last year and who is now attending a large university shows us what our school really means to us in "An Alumnus Looks Back". This stu-

Continued on Page Fifteen

Astronomy Today

by Jennie Lasby Tessman

THE study of the heavenly bodies has always appealed to mankind. From the earliest times our ancestors must have recognized the peculiar gimpings of the brighter stars for when the first civilization emerges from the blankness which surrounds

the early history of mankind, legends about the sky are already old. Primitive man also noted the variations in motion; knew that the majority of stars maintained the same relative positions on the celestial sphere, but that a few wandered about and these, he thought played a special part in his activities. Thus the belief in astronomy arose and man looked to the planets as the arbiters of fate of individuals and nations.

Gradually, so gradually that astrologers still find a following, students of the sky became interested in another phase—that of their relation to the earth and sun. What was the place of the earth in this vast multitude of stars and the key to this problem was placed in his hand by two great astronomers, Tycho Brahe, whose painstaking observations gave a mass of material about the motions of heavenly bodies; Galileo, whose telescope revealed thousands of bodies not seen with the naked eye, and revealed the sun, moon and planets not as pure fire, but as solid bodies with markings and physical aspects akin to those of the earth. Copernicus completed this great astronomical revolutions of the 17th century by showing that the earth is only one of a number of planets moving about the sun.

The study of the stars during the 18th and 19th centuries centered about new problems: the distances of the stars from the earth, the elements of which they are composed and the relations of one star or of groups of stars to others. At present we are in the midst of another great revolution in astronomy and it is hard to group the implications of the material gathered by the huge telescopes and spectroscopes of the present time.

One of the great problems of the present is the attempt to picture the universe of which our earth and sun are but a minute speck. A century ago the distance from the earth to the sun was considered great. It is 93,000,000 miles but now that is too small to be considered. Now the astronomer talks only in turns of a light year, the distance light travels in a year

Mrs. Jennie Lasby Tessmann writes in this issue on some of the modern conceptions of astronomy. She is considered an authority on this subject, having been an instructor in astronomy since 1906. For eight years she served as Research Assistant at the Mount Wilson Observatory, becoming intimately acquainted with the leading astronomers and the latest discoveries. Since 1919 Mrs. Tessmann has been instructor in astronomy at Santa Ana Junior College.

Santa Ana has an elementary course in astronomy which equals almost any similar university course and surpasses the courses which only a few other junior colleges offer.

at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, and, using this as his measuring rod, he speaks of our nearest neighbor as 3 2-3 light years away and our distant ones so far away that their light has been on the way millions of years.

Another problem is that of the size of the bodies. One of the miracles wrought by the modern astronomer is the determination of the diameter of a star so far away that even with the most powerful telescope its image remains a point. Many of these undoubtedly are very large. The largest one to be measured as yet is Betelgeuse, the bright red star in the shoulder of Orion. So huge is this star that if we could place our sun, 866,000 miles in diameter at its center, the planets Mercury, Venus, Earth and Mars would still revolve about it in their own orbits and yet not touch the surface of the giant. At the other extreme is the midget of the sky, Van Maaneus star, only about the size of our earth.

The condition of these stars vary quite as much as their size. The faint and tiny companion of Sirius is not to be dispersed for one spoonful of the material of which it is made would weigh more than a ton and then we find great masses of material in the sky so lacking in density that we can only compare them to a speck of dust in from fifteen to twenty cubic feet of vacuum. Such are the puzzles of the heavenly bodies which after centuries of study astronomers are just beginning to solve, but it is gratifying that the last twenty-five years have seen more accomplished than all the preceding ages and the heavens may be forced to yield their secrets before many more centuries have passed.



JENNIE LASBY TESSMANN



MISTLETOE AND HOLLY

THE frost and snow of mistletoe,
The warmth of holly berry,
These I combined, O lady mine,
To make thy yule-tide merry;
And shouldst thou learn, sweet, to return
My love, nor deem it folly,
Twined in thy hair the snow fruit wear,
And on thy breast the holly.

Alice R. Taggart.

An Alumnus Looks Back

by an Alumnus

THE score is tied! A championship is at stake. One minute to play! The gun cracks—too late—but no—the quarterback has the ball. A pass streaks over the goal and Santa Ana has won—

How could it help but send a thrill up the spine of the blase grad sitting in the far corner of the grandstand.

After all it is his alma mater. In all his "higher" education he hasn't lost that soft spot in his heart for the College of the Dons.

Stanford, U. S. C., California, or what you will, doesn't bear much talk about J. C. It is like wearing your high school pin. The old grad doesn't

say much about Santa Ana, but he thinks a lot. What does he think? That's what he is trying to tell you—

Don't ever let anyone kid you into believing that junior college isn't as good as the first two years at an institution with a 50,000 capacity football stadium and vine-covered buildings that reek of tradition. It is, pre-supposing that you make it such. In a large school you are just another lower classman; in J. C. they make you a tin god and you captain the football team, manage the debate squad, or edit the newspaper. But it is fun, and certainly worth-while. Wasn't it Caesar or was it Milt Gross that said, "I'd rather be first in Podunk, than second in Rome"?

But you say, "What of the future? What of the time when I have to enter the big university? What then?" Well, by that time, let's hope you have some sense. After all, you do know college ropes even if you have had to get them reading College Humor. And after; something to be kicked about; something to exhibit during football season and then forgotten—no matter whether you go to a great university or a girls' boarding school. After all, you are a junior, which is something.

Frats? Well, if you are determined to be a Phi Psi Phi, a Tri Delt, or such, you should not have gone to J. C. You have about ten times the chance of being rush-

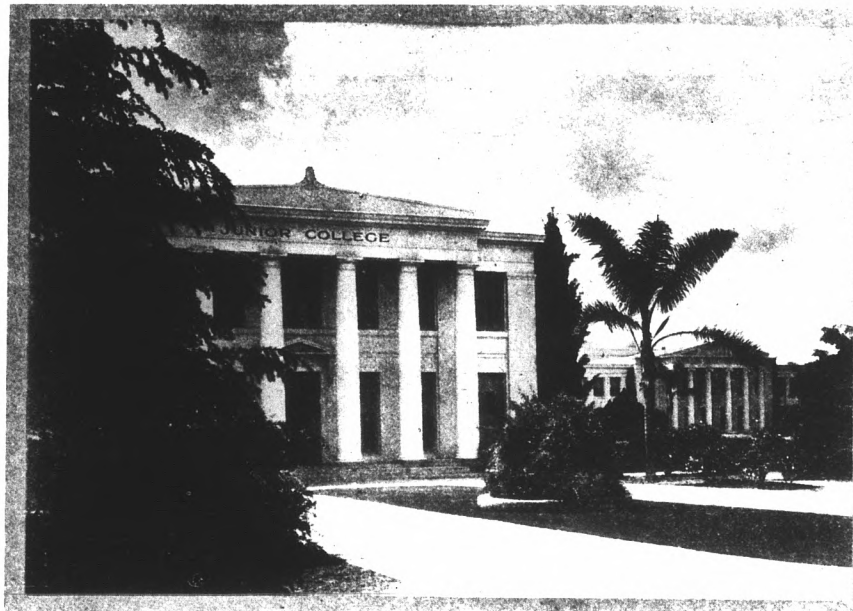
ed if you enter as a freshman than if you come in as a junior. But don't let it bother you. You will find just as much comradeship in dorm life, and there still exist girls who don't demand a pearl pin as a prerequisite to an introduction.

As to teachers—mmmm—the old grad could write volumes, but he isn't going to. Let a paragraph suffice. It is a toss-up. You have just as much chance to be a self-made genius or a down-right dumbbell in junior college or university. In a small school you have several distinct advantages. You don't have to buck preju-

diced student readers. At least you can say hello to a prof in the hall without having everyone within hearing distance, including said prof, smile and think, "Apple polishing." Treasure your faculty friendship—and if you are so fortunate, palship—that you get in J. C., for when you go on you will be lucky to be personally graced with one or two words of wisdom from the high and mighty.

But the old grad is preaching, which isn't what he started to do at all. He is trying to tell you how much he would like to be back with you again. How he would like to sit in the library and write notes; how he would like to dress up on Fiesta Day and play Toreador; how he would like to rest his weary legs in Room 11 and gaze at those well-known charts; how he would enjoy making whoopie in the old Don office (that is a tradition that has passed, the old grad hears); but he wants you to know he hasn't forgotten.

No, he hasn't forgotten, and you won't either. Wait until you have been away a year and then come back. Wait until you get such a thrill as the old grad did at the Fullerton game. Wait until you walk up the old hall, fairly shouting of tender memories, and you don't know whether to laugh or cry—and you do both. Wait until your favorite prof clasps your hand. Just wait—then you will know what it means to have been a Don.



The Day Before Christmas

By Eunice Hanson

Jimmy Blaine shivered as the wind whistled shrilly down Fifth Avenue in New York. Jimmy remembered that it was only two more days before Christmas and poignant memories of his comfortable home in the far west brought tears to his eyes but he bravely thrust out his chin and determined not to write to his father for aid. Thoughts of his home also brought thoughts of his sweetheart, Myrna Glendon. A flush mounted to his cheeks as he remembered how coldly he had treated her when he said goodbye. He would have given anything at that moment just to have seen her.

Jimmy's ragged clothes were no protection against the bitter wind and the snow drifted around his ankles as he turned to hurry to his room. A tall man muffled in a coon skin coat, with his face shielded accosted him. "Are you James Blaine?" he questioned. Jimmy nodded, dumb with surprise. A fat brown wallet was thrust into his hand and before he could speak, the stranger had vanished. No one seemed aware of this little piece of by-play so Jimmy pocketed the wallet and hurried to his cold room on an unpretentious street. After carefully closing the door, he eagerly opened the wallet. Five hundred dollars in cash and a letter to himself greeted his dumbfounded eyes. The letter read as follows:

New York City December 23, 1929

My dear James,

As you have probably already discovered, this purse contains \$500 which belongs to you on condition that you follow these instructions.

1. Buy yourself some respectable looking clothes.
2. Buy presents for a young lady of 18 and a gentleman of 50.
3. Go tomorrow evening at 5 o'clock to G. M. Farren's summer home. Enter the front door without knocking. There you will receive further instructions.

Yours sincerely,

Santa Claus

"Whee! Five hundred smackers! Gosh, I wonder—the G. M. Farren home must be closed at this time of the year. Let's see, Father used to know them fairly well. Gosh, I hope I know where the place is."

Strangely enough, Jimmy did not question the danger involved in following these instructions, nor the motives connected with the requests.

Nine o'clock the following morning Jimmy entered a mens' clothing store having previously been barbered in the latest fashion. The smart young man who waited on Jimmy, eyed his ragged clothes askance until he discovered that Jimmy meant business and had money to pay for his purchases.

Two hours later a smartly groomed gentleman of about twenty-two years of age stepped out upon the sidewalk. A gloved finger in search of a match in his vest pocket revealed a blue suit of finest serge under his dark

gray overcoat. A gray hat was set rakishly on his dark curly head and he was grinning happily. The cane hanging nonchalantly in the crook of his arm and the highly polished toe which tapped impatiently because of the absence of a taxi within calling distance, were faultless.

Finally securing a taxi, he was carried to a more uptown district where he bought an expensively bound set of classics for the man and an amber necklace with earrings and bracelet to match for the young lady. Remembering his unknown benefactor he bought him a hand-tooled leather bill fold. Finding his packages rather cumbersome, Jimmy bought an inexpensive suitcase in which to carry them.

A distant tower clock registered ten minutes of five as he stepped from the car. He assumed a bold front as he walked up the driveway although his knees were shaking. The enormous house set in spacious grounds now covered with snow was completely dark.

Jimmy went up to the door. He pushed it gently and it yielded to his touch. The hall into which he entered was dimly lighted. A stately butler took charge of his suitcase, hat, cane and overcoat and ushered him into a spacious drawing room, at one end of which burned a bright log fire. Jimmy was dazzled by the light for a moment and then noticed a tall figure at one side of the fire place.

"Dad!"

"Hello son, Merry Christmas!" Mr. Blaine laughed genially as he clapped Jimmy on the shoulder.

"Hello Jimmy, won't you speak to me?"

"Myrna, sweetheart!" Jimmy exclaimed.

"Son, you remember Mr. Farren, don't you?"

Jimmy's hand was caught in a hearty clasp and he looked up to see his friend of the coon skin coat.

"Sure I remember him. It's funny I didn't recognize him when he handed me that wallet."

Later in the evening Jimmy's father explained his motive for the trick which turned out so well.

"Well, my boy, G. M. here has kept me informed concerning you and when he wrote that you were without a job and I was worried because I know how proud you are and that you'd never ask for help so I resorted to this plan."

Jimmy sitting with his arm about Myrna gave a sigh of pleasure. "I'm glad you found me Dad. I'll be going home with you because Myrna and I are going to be married pretty soon. Aren't we Myrna?"

Blushingly, the girl assented.

Mr. Blaine gave a pleased smile. "That's what I expected to happen when I brought Myrna along. Well, folks, don't you think we'd better go to bed? You know we have the Christmas tree and distribution of presents in the morning. Before we go, however, let us unite in wishing everyone "A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year."

The Conference Champions



The Don football squad just before boarding the train to Sacramento for the state championship play-off. Courtesy Santa Ana Times

A SURVEY OF THE 1929 FOOTBALL SEASON

ATHLETICS in the Santa Ana junior college have reached a much higher standard this season than has ever before been attained in the history of the institution. This standard has been reached mainly through the excellent showing which was made by Coach Bill Cook's fighting Don football team. Of course basketball, baseball and track still remain on the calendar as future major sports, but what the football season has done for the college is more than any other event can hope to do.

At the outset of the 1929 grid season, prospects looked extremely bright for Santa Ana. With five first string veteran linemen returning and several backfield stars, Coach Cook set out to mould together a powerful combination which led the Dons to their first conference championship.

A group of former high school prep stars also played a great part in the success of the Padres' conquest. Many of these men will help to make the grid teams in the future just as successful as has been the one this season.

Led by Captain Herald Hylton, unanimous choice of All-State tackle, the Don goal line was only crossed six times which will prove that the line was one of the most powerful ones ever seen in action. Four of these scores were as a result of passes.

In an early pre-season game the Dons were defeated by Chaffey Jaycee by a 14-6 score. The team had only been working together for one week, so things were not yet well organized.

The following week the Padres went to the coliseum in Los Angeles to meet the University of Southern California freshmen. When the final gun sounded the score stood 0-0, but the Dons had scored a moral victory having

Continued on Page Sixteen

DON SPORT STAFF PICKS ALL-CONFERENCE TEAM

FOR ages and ages, All-American, All-Conference, All-League and all-star football teams have been selected at the end of the season for no reason at all, unless it be to show how far off a person can come from getting a correct lineup.

After reading countless selections this year, the sports staff of The Don has decided to get in the swim and risk assassination. The finished product appears below, in the form of our humble All-Conference junior college football team, compiled from first hand information, inasmuch as both the scribes saw every game, which is more than some can say. Lawrence Heide, sports editor of The Don and "Sky" Dunlap, sports scribe for the Register, are the two gentlemen to blame for the concoction.

Placing four Dons on the first string line might appear as if we are prejudiced, but such is not the case. All four have played outstanding ball in every game and get the call over their opponents. Captain Herald Hylton was a sensational tackle this year and amply deserved his second All-Conference berth. Al Kluthe made good in his first year while both George Warner and Joe Warner finished their Jaycee playing this year.

First Team	Position	Second Team
Warner (S. A.)	LER	Adams (S. A.)
Hylton (S. A.)	LTR	Del Giorgio (Ful.)
Evans (Chaffey)	LGR	Griswold (S. A.)
Kluthe (S. A.)	C	McArthur (Chaffey)
Warner (S. A.)	RGL	Beebe (L. B.)
Friedman (Compton)	RTL	Dorning (Chaffey)
Voorhees (L. B.)	REL	Ball (Chaffey)
Yancey (Compton)	B	Garlock (S. A.)
Osborne (Pas.)	B	Hezmalhalch (Ful.)
Keough (Chaffey)	B	Anderson (S. B.)
Philippi (Ful.)	B	Covington (Glendale)

Southern California Junior College Conference Basketball Schedule

Saturday, January 4			
Riverside	at	Compton	Long Beach
Los Angeles		Santa Ana	San Bernardino
Pomona		Pasadena	Santa Monica
San Bernardino		Glendale	Bye
Chaffey		Bye	
Citrus		Bye	
Fullerton		Bye	
Long Beach		Bye	
Saturday, January 11			
Santa Monica	at	Santa Ana	
Riverside	at	Pomona	
Pasadena		Chaffey	
San Bernardino		Long Beach	
Compton		Citrus	
Fullerton		Los Angeles	
Glendale		Bye	
Saturday, January 18			
Pomona	at	Chaffey	
Long Beach		Riverside	
San Bernardino		Citrus	
Fullerton		Pomona	
Chaffey		Santa Ana	
Pasadena		Glendale	
Compton		Bye	
Saturday, February 8			
Chaffey	at	Los Angeles	
Pomona		Glendale	
Citrus		Santa Ana	
Saturday, February 15			
Chaffey	at	San Bernardino	
Riverside		Citrus	
Glendale		Compton	
Pasadena		Fullerton	
Santa Ana		Long Beach	
Santa Monica		Pomona	
Los Angeles		Bye	
Saturday, February 22			
Riverside	at	Chaffey	
Citrus		Santa Monica	
Fullerton		Compton	
Long Beach		Glendale	
Los Angeles		Pasadena	
Pomona		San Bernardino	
Santa Ana		Bye	
Saturday, March 1			
Chaffey	at	Citrus	
Compton		Los Angeles	
Santa Ana		Fullerton	
Glendale		Santa Monica	
Long Beach		Pasadena	
San Bernardino		Riverside	
Pomona		Bye	

Dons Lose State Title To Sacramento

Drawing to a close the most successful football season in the history of the Santa Ana junior college, the Dons were beaten 12-6 by Sacramento junior college in a game which decided the state junior college championship.

The game afforded what one might expect to see during the annual U. S. C.-Stanford battle, with the Panthers using every trick old "Pop" Warner's Cardinals use while the Dons were busy employing what Bill Cook, former U. S. C. star had taught them. It was purely deception vs. straight hard football, with Tony Donadio, Sacramento signal caller applying the tricks so well that the powerful Don forward wall was frequently penetrated for substantial gains.

The game was frequently marred by poor officiating by the referee,

once giving the Panthers a "break" on a freak lateral pass which netted 50 yards and played a great part in kicking off to Warner, who returned the ball to the 30 yard stripe. Garlock and Dutton took up the ball packing duties and ripped off tackle, around end and through the line until the ball was well into Panther territory where it was finally lost.

The Panthers came right back to outwit the locals with numerous delayed bucks, reverses and lateral passes, backed the Dons up against their own goal line.

The Padres held the Senators even for the first half and put up a great game with them. Santa Ana's big chance to score in the first half came as a result of a beautiful pass from Garlock to Warner after Garlock and Dutton had both ripped off some timely runs. At this time the ball was on the 10 yard line with four downs to carry it over. After playing a beautiful game Garlock, for some unknown reason was jerked and Beatty was sent in to take over the brunt

of carrying the ball. On three successive thrusts at the line Beatty had lost 7 yards and left the ball fourth down and 17 yards to go on the last play a Panther man knocked down Beatty's pass and the party was over.

To start the second half the Panthers came back with a powerful offense which swept the Dons with it until the ball was on the Padres five yard stripe. Three thrusts at the line were futile, but on the last attempt Donadio grabbed the ball on a reverse pass and tossed it to Brown, who crossed the goal line unmolested. Donadio's dropkick was blocked.

In the third period the Panthers again started a drive which soon carried the ball deep into Don territory and ended with Brown going over from the one foot line.

With the score 12-0 against them, the Padres staged a rally with Beatty tossing passes to Warner and Sweetnam which the Solons could not stop. A pass to Sweetnam put the oval on the four yard line from where Rimel went over on the first play.

Past, Present and Future of Women's Athletics

by
Coach Ellen Foote

THE last two decades have seen a change in physical education and athletics for women much the same as changes in our class room program of academic subjects. Our grandmothers frowned on any activity for women and our mothers began to see the light by participating in classes of formal gymnastics with a few folk dances included. When religious sects began to accept folk dancing as "grace" and exercise. Fencing was also very popular in early gymnastic programs but games were much too strenuous. The gymnasium costume was usually a one piece gym suit of heavy serge material and ample fullness of each bloomer was a thing to be envied. Some times as much as two and one half yards was used for each bloomer and they were always worn down to the calf of the leg. Sleeves were long and the neck was high. Since corsets were used so prevalently, it was then customary for the gym teacher to station herself in one corner of the gym and as each girl passed by to discover if she could, by means of a quick jab at the waistline, whether or not the corset was being worn in the gym. The work was fairly strenuous, considering the hindrance the gym suit furnished, and it was well that nothing more difficult was attempted.

With the advent of basketball for men came basketball for women and simple games such as newcomb and volleyball. However, basketball was played in many localities using mens' rules and it was a considerable strain for the small squads of girls who composed the school team. Since physical education was not in the daily program, basketball was practiced late in the afternoon and evening. No physical examinations were given and the majority of coaches were men, regular members of the faculty who volunteered to take the control of the sports out of students' hands to arrange to play inter-scholastic games just as the boys were doing.

Just a few years passed when the larger cities began to include physical education in the daily program with adequate gyms and apparatus in each and with trained directors of physical education in charge. To replace the varsity team class teams with intra mural games took place. The point system motivated a continuance of interest. The value of weekly gym periods was recognized and gymnasiums and playing fields became a part of the school equipment.

With the introduction of swimming, hiking, tennis, baseball and dancing, the varied program gave new fields in which to try out. At present, with our larger numbers of trained teachers the country over, with state after state making physical education compulsory, with the addition of interesting sports and phases of dancing, there should

be no girl with a distaste for physical education.

The simplicity and comfort of the modern gym suit has given way to greater enjoyment and freedom. Golf, lacrosse, hockey, horseback riding, and rowing are included where space and finances will permit.

All girls should and will make greater progress in the future in acquiring health, good carriage, suppleness and agility. Socially they will develop a keen sense of fair play, cooperation and sympathy for each other. Training rules have taught girls that they can acquire endurance and reserve.

The various titles given to physical education indicate in themselves what changes have been taking place. The name of physical culture was used for many years to express that training given to the body by means of exercise, but realizing that motor training was not the only value secured, the old name of physical culture was soon changed to physical training, and a little later to physical education. However, even that title is now inadequate since physical education is taking charge of the entire problem of the health of the individual it is gradually taking on the title of "health education" with the inclusion of health correlators, corrective departments, rest rooms, school physicians, nurses all working together with the physical educators for the benefit of each individual. Preliminary health examinations are given each individual and special arrangements are made for girls with corrective defects. Undernourished girls and those with heart cases are placed on rest. Normal groups are given a selection of activities from five to six types of classes.

The womens' athletic associations have been formed to sponsor extra curricular athletic activities. They have taken the stand of the National Amateur Athletic Federations in discouraging exploitation of women in athletics. The high schools, colleges and universities of the country have all felt the need of keeping womens' athletics from following the administration of mens' athletics. Intramural schedules in all sports, culminating in seasonal play days where girls gather in spirit of friendly play without the stress and strain of inter school competition, have practically replaced the old-fashioned varsity team.

The future will find the mass of women stronger, healthier and better trained because of this program. They will find themselves better prepared for carrying on in business of all kinds, better prepared to enjoy their periods of recreation and socially capable of being better citizens.

A Page for Poets

DREAMS OF YOUTH

When a man's young there's plenty
Of time for Life, it seems.
The world is a kaleidoscope
Of shining, golden dreams.

When man is fat and forty
The gold has tarnished. Then
The things that seemed of platinum
Are only made of tin.

When man is old and wrinkled
Faint memories of his dreams
Come shining through his drab, gray
days

Like glorious sunbeams.

When I am old and wrinkled
And life's near done, it seems,
I ask not health, nor stored-up
wealth—
—Just memory of youth's dreams.
—Clara Almond

MY DREAMS

Oh, to be a storm-tossed cloud
On a moonless winter night
When the trees bow low
As the fierce winds blow!
Oh, to fly in the cold starlight!

Oh, to be the wind that blows that
cloud

In its mad flight o'er the sea
When the waves are white
In the cold starlight
And the sea birds scream and flee!

Though I'm a mortal held to the
earth

By prison bars, it seems,
I can be a cloud,
Or a storm-wind loud,
I have freedom of my dreams.
—Clara Almond

WOODLAND STREAM

A rush of sound, a happy relic;
A sparkling,
Silvery, crystal, light green frolic;
A darkling,
Angry threatening, frowning rumble;
A mocking,
Sullen, pouting, grayish tumble;
A talking,
Scolding, flirting, saucy lightness;
A resting,
Calmly amber, golden brightness;
A questing,
Eager joyous, dancing dream—
A lovely thing, a woodland stream!
—Dorothy Harmon

TRIVIA

Oh,
I love
To drift
To dreamland
To the sound
Of falling rain.

To
The sound
Of fairy fingers
Tapping
On my
Window pane.

To
The sighing
Of the sad wind
Slowing through
The yielding
Trees,

To
The cool
And moist
Carressing
Of some vagrant
Little breeze.
—Clara Almond

REPOSE

When day is spent (and sun is furled
Behind the distant hills,
And shadows steal across the world—
Across the silent rills,

I linger, lonely in the gloom;
My weary soul is bowed,
Nor sees the lovely mystic moon
Alight its curtain cloud.

My feverish brow and flushed face
'Neath cooling breeze grow calm;
The quiet peace, extending space,
Bestow a healing balm.
I hear a bird's low, throaty call;
My burning eyes I ope,
The moon's soft light spreads over
all
To bring the world new hope.

The silver beams a promise give
Of happiness to be;
I'm filled with joy that I may live!
From pain my soul is free!
—Dorothy Harmon



THE COMING OF NIGHT

The glowing sun sinks to its rest
Below the ocean's rim
To dawn again in other lands—
On countries far and dim.

There is a gleam, a pale, white shaft,
The light of the evening star;
And the faintest curve of the new-
born moon
Like a Turkish scimitar.

The still night comes with mantle
black
Embroidered with brightest gems.
And covers earth with darkness
From the west to the eastern rim.
Clara Almond

A JINGLE

I have walked in summer meadows
Where sunbeams flashed and broke,
But I never saw the cattle,
Or the sheep or horses smoke.

I have watched the birds with wonder
When the world with dew is wet,
But I never saw a robin
Puffing at a cigarette.

I have fished in many a river
Where the sucker crop is ripe,
But I never saw a catfish
Puffing a briar pipe.

Man's the only living creature
That blows where'er he goes,
Like a blooming traction engine
Smoke from out his mouth and nose.

If God had intended he'd smoke
When he first invented man
He would have made him on
A widely different plan.

He'd have fixed him with a stovepipe
And a damper and a grate,
And He'd a had a smoke consumer
That was strictly up to date.

ANOTHER JINGLE

I too have been in meadows
Where cows and horses walk,
But I never saw a bovine
That was interested in Bach.

I have seen the furry gopher
Ruin many a potato,
But I never saw a gopher
Spend his time reading Plato.

Now, I know that man's decadent
And my head droops like a willow,
For I see he has some habits
Quite unknown to the gorilla.

Clubs



Organizations

U. S. C. Football Stars
Attend Grid Banquet

Howard Jones, University of Southern California football coach, and several of his regular Trojan gridders will be present at the football banquet Thursday night, December 19, to be given by the Brotherhood of Bachelors, in honor of Bill Cook's champion Santa Ana junior college "Dons", it was announced by Chet Page, Grand Exalted ruler of the brotherhood.

The First Methodist church, corner of Sixth and Spurgeon streets, is to be the scene of the banquet. The "Dons", 35 strong, and the nationally famous Trojans are to be guests of honor. As this is to be the last time to see Santa Ana junior college's first champions together, the Bachelor committee is planning on from three to four hundred persons to be present. It was also announced by the Bachelor committees in charge, that the Reverend George Warmer, minister of the church, will also be on the program, and probably Newell "Jeff" Cravath, former Santa Ana high football star, later All-American center and captain of the U. S. C. Trojans, and now head grid mentor at Denver university.

It is not exactly known by the Bachelor committees in charge, just what part of his team Coach Jones will bring to Santa Ana. Undoubtedly Captain Nate Barrager, All-Coast guard, Frances Tappaan, unanimously chosen an All-American end, Russell Saunders, All-Coast quarterback and Jim Musiek, former Santa Ana high player, and sophomore sensation at Southern California this year, will all be in the U. S. C. party.

The banquet is open to the general public as well as the Associated Students, and tickets are now on sale at school and down town at 75c a plate.

CHRISTMAS

Sing we all merrily
Christmas is here,
The day that we love best
Of days in the year.
Bring forth the holly,
The box, and the bay,
Deck out our cottage.
Sing we all merrily,
Draw around the fire,
Sister and brother,
Grandson and sire.

CHROMA CLUB

Futuristic trends in furniture, painting and architecture were viewed by members of the Chroma club who visited Hal Smith's Futuristic Furniture company, the California Art club, and Bullock's Wilshire in Los Angeles, Thursday afternoon, December 12.

Many of the modern modes in furniture on display were quite out of the ordinary. Long slender mirrors, big round mirrors, angles here, graceful curves there—everything different. Black lacquer with decorations in gold and silver leaf work were used in some of the most extreme styles.

At the California Art club, members of the Chroma club saw an exhibit of paintings by negro artists of national distinction. The club building on north Vermont avenue, is situated at the top of a hill covered with trees, shrubbery and large expanses of green lawn.

A visit to Bullock's Wilshire store, which is an example of the most modern of architecture completed the trip.

O. K. CLUB

Members of the O. K. club held their regular business meeting December 11, at the home of Miss Helen Mayes, 1314 Orange Avenue.

The question of a constitution was brought up and Mary McHenry, Muriel Houven and Leonard McIntosh were appointed to write a constitution for the O. K. club.

Plans for a dance to be held sometime in January were discussed and the members voted for a sport or informal dance.

The following committees were appointed: decoration, Helen Mayes, Leonard McIntosh and Ernie Stump, place and music, Virgil Brown, Raymond Glisener and Eunice Hanson; refreshments, Jean Giller, Muriel Hoven and Nevin Hoy; transportation, Eldon Hermes, Kirby Todd and Virgil Purvis.

It was decided that club's monthly party would be a bridge party, held at the home of H. A. Scott, science instructor, if it was convenient for him.

Y. Retreat Held
At Forest Home

Forest home was the scene of the second Y. M. C. A. retreat of the year last Saturday and Sunday, December 14-15. The first day was spent in hiking, baseball, and other amusements while Sunday was devoted to a spirited discussion of problems confronting the average college student. Mr. C. C. Stewart, of the junior college faculty, led the discussion.

About 20 men made the trip to the mountain resort. Arrangements were made for the housing of the group at the San Gorgonia Lodge. Bill Hewitt proved a worthy chef for the retreat participants. Great credit is due him for the delicious meals served.

George Warmer, "Y" president, stated that this was the second of a group of four retreats which have been planned during the college year. These retreats are very successful in their purpose of providing constructive discussions of modern problems. Lawson Watkins, commissioner of religious education, was in charge of arrangements.

DEBATE

Santa Ana junior college won its first league debate from Los Angeles junior college, when Ed Conner and Jerry Tannenbaum defended Don laurels at Los Angeles winning by a 3-0 decision. Margaret Clifton and Baxter Geeting debated on the home campus and won by a 2-1 vote. The question proved to be one of great interest: "Resolved, that the installment plan is detrimental to the welfare of society." Adding much interest for the audience was the plan of cross-examination used, the Oregon plan, which is a test of ability to answer questions.

A special debate with the Southwestern university of Los Angeles has been scheduled for January 9. Jean Giller, June Arnold, Betty Maloney and Katherine Spicer have been selected to represent Santa Ana. "Resolved: that fraternities and sororities in American colleges and universities are undesirable," is the question to be discussed. This is a question of vital interest in universities and colleges at this time and proves a very popular subject for debate.

Jokes and Other Wise Cracks

GEOLOGY TRIP

Did you bring the field glasses?
Never thought of that—but we can
drink just as well out of the flask.

Found an oyster in my exhaust
this morning.
How come?
Been using Shell gasoline.

What-cha woiking at?
Intervals.



Lolly: "Where are the dumbest
people in the world?"

Molly: "In London; they have the
most dense population."

"Did you hear about the Scotch-
man who killed his boy?"

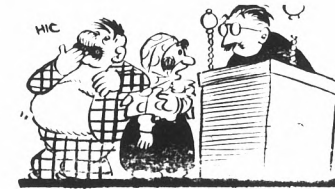
"No, what did he do it for?"
"Because he bought an all-day
sucker at 5 p. m."

Isn't Marion Parsons a happy per-
son?

Yes, isn't she. She is so happy she
would have a good time thinking
what a good time she would be hav-
ing if she were having a good time.

Tailor (measuring MacTavish for
suit): "And how would you like the
pockets?"

MacTavish: "Weel, just a wee bit
hard to get at."



Judge: "And you had words with
your wife about it?"

Defendant: "No sir. Not with her
—from her."



Funnyunk (to employer: "Coogler
won't be at the office this week owing
to a death in his family."

"Who is dead this time?"
Funnyunk: "Coogler, sir."

DEDICATED TO GOODYEAR

Santa Ana junior college was dis-
missed early. All the students and
pupils were to spend the afternoon
at the circus. In a much-excited
spirit the little ones filed into the
main tent. It wasn't long until pen-
nies carefully saved for weeks were
invested in pink lemonade, balloons,
and the like. Every nook and corner
was explored. Everything was well.
First it was 'Effie', the elephant, that
caused all the excitement. Then the
clowns in the main tent strutted their
stuff.

Just as the performance was at its
height, a deafening report was
heard,—immediately followed by a
groan. Circus hands ran in all di-
rections. Everyone scrambled from
the bleachers and tore to the far end
of the tent.

Had a tent pole snapped? What
was it? Perhaps some one had been
shot! Maybe the fat lady had killed
the skeleton man! Dear, oh dear,
what was it the crowd was staring
at? Before the quickly assembled
crowd a form lay prostrate and si-
lent. Who could it be; what was the
matter? Perhaps the police would
come;—and maybe catch the villain.
The prostrate form became still and
cold. Yes, my children, it was the
India rubber man,—and he had had
a blowout.

That's the end of the tale,—ex-
cept that school was never again
closed early for fear of another such
heart-rending tragedy.

SUNDRY JOKES

I say, Chappy, your wife has fal-
len in the well.
Oh, that's all right. We use city
water now.

It is said that Sir Lancelot had
two horses. We wonder how many
Sir Galahad.

She: "Oh, see the funny looking
fish."

He: "Yeah, jelly fish."

She: "I wonder what flavor."

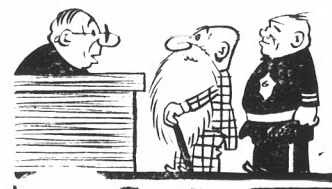
M. E. Prof. (after lecture): "Are
there any questions?"

Frosh: "Yes, sir, how do you cal-
culate the horse power of a donkey
engine?"

A Scotchman once gave a waitress
a tip. Told her to wash her neck.

Mendy, what foh is you goin'inter
dat beauty parlor?

Go 'long, big boy, an' lemme 'lone.
Ah is goin' to get me a pehmanent
straight.



Judge: "Mr. Jefferson, you are ac-
cused of removing a fat chicken from
this man's roost and carrying it two
miles to your home. Have you any-
thing to say in explanation?"

Jefferson: "Judge, I only took it
for a joke."

Judge: "I'm afraid I shall have to
fine you. That was carrying a joke
too far."

Student: "Do you make life-size
enlargements of photos?"

Photographer: "Yes, sir, it's our
specialty."

Student: "Well, do this one for
me; it's a snapshot I to k of a
whale."

The tightest guy we know is the
fellow that on his honeymoon sat
home with his girl looking at a pic-
ture of Niagara Falls while he left
the water running in the kitchen
sink.



THE CLASSROOM PRIMEVAL

This is the classroom primeval
The whispering studes and co-eds
discussing in low pleasing voices
Details of some late campus
scandal.

The scraping of chalk on the black-
board

Prevents not the yawn of the
drowsy

The hum of the sweet conversation
Anon becomes a harsh barking
quaver.

The voice of the old gray professor

The pot-bellied, wall-eyed professor.
Destroying all peace and all slumber,
The whispers, the snores and the
yawning.

Aroused from their morning siesta

With looks of reproach they re-
gard him

With mute silent lips they reproach
him

As gravely he takes up the lec-
ture,

The wearisome, moss-covered
lecture—

For this is the classroom primeval.

"Why the sad expression?"

"I bought one of those books call-
ed 'How to Make Love' and now I
don't know what to do."

"Well, can't you read it?"

"Sure. It says to take the lady's
hand, look into her eyes, and say,
'I love you, Beatrice!'"

"My girl's name is Lizzie."

The young man had just driven
home from college at the close of the
term. "Did you pass everything?" ex-
claimed his anxious mother.

"Everything but two Buicks and
a Hudson. Darned if they mustn't
have had an airplane motors in 'em!"

The tourist rushed into the coun-
try store, "I wanna quart of oil,
some gas, a couple of spark plugs, a
timer, a five gallon kerosene can,
and four pie tins."

"Al righty," replied the enterpris-
ing clerk, "and you kin assemble 'er
in the back room if you wanto."

BILL WHIZZBRAIN GOES TO COLLEGE



To begin with folks, I, Bill Agus-
tus Whizzbrian, am one of these corn
fed sons of Iowa (I. O. U. A.). The
folks raised cattle and corn and a
lotta halleluja in the form of eight
kids. Corn was the best crop we had,
making ninety gallons to the acre.

I know you are all raring to hear
about me the famed All-American
half back, so will leave out all the
gaff about the family tree.

I was reading the airplane news-
paper the "Flypaper", which stated
that Moredames college was looking
for a lotta good football manipula-
tors and I knew by intuition that my
time had come. I had been taking a
football correspondence course by
mail, and this was madame oppor-
tunity herself. A friend told me that
there was a cross-country foot race
from Saint Louis to Los Angeles and
the winner would get \$5,000. I

shoved all my personal belongings in-
to the female
chariot "Lizzie"
and headed for
Saint Louis. The
old condensed
boiler plant and
ozone inhaler
made good time
doing 60 m. p. h. in the shade. Pretty
fair comeback for a '13 model T, I
would say.

Reaching Saint Louis I sent my
trunks via air mail with a note tell-
ing Moredame college to be ready for
Bill Whizzbrian in a week.

I got a pair of gum soled shoes
with springs in the soles and was all
set for the juant. The runners was
a collection of skinny and tall look-
ing guys with spectacles and spindly
legs, just like a bunch of bicepped
cranes or ostriches. This was going to
be a cinch for your old Bill, whose
dimensions were six foot six and 235
pounds with a size 56 chest and no
waistline at all. The townsmen kiss-
ed us goodbye when we hit the Santa
Fe trail on the famous "Imperial
Corn Plaster Bunion Race". I didn't
go to sleep until I reached Oklahoma
that night. My trick shoes were great
and I could make a ten yard bounce
every time I landed on my soles.
Another guy by the name of Charlie



He: "Can you cook like your
mother used to?"

She: "Oh, yes,—if you can stand
indigestion like father used to."

Haddock was getting ahead of me
with a trick balloon he had. He would
run hard and then jump and the
balloon would carry him forty feet
or more.

That night I got a hold of his con-
traption and cut the ropes and the
next morning it pretty near killed
him when he jumps and goes in the
air about twenty feet for a leap and
the ropes broke. He fell with his head
end of his spinal column which is
down and was out of the race. By
eating hot tamales and chili I ran
like a cyclone to the next city water
troughs to cool off. When I got to the
Santa Ana river I chucked the shoes
into the creek and run barefooted
into Los Angeles. The city went wild
as I ran down main street. The
mayer gave me the key to the city.

The publisher of the "Daily
Knews" offered me the \$5,000 prize
and a cup. I took the cup and told
him I couldn't take the money be-
cause I was an amatchure athlete. He
said he would fix that all right, be-
cause a young man like me—away
from home would need some money
to go to college and have a good time.
So he bets \$5,000 that I couldn't
jump three foot—nothing but a clean
little honest bet, you see, so it was
accepting money properly. I takes the
dough and hires a Yellow cab to take
me down to the Moredames college.
The natives turned out in droves and
it was quite a time before I got to
the campus. Publishers, movie con-
cerns and radio companies were send-
ing contracts to sign, but I disap-
pointed them all as I was a modest
young man seeking an education.

The Moredames college is a big
literature joint specializing in foot-
ball and is located on the Pacific
coast in the town of Salty Beach. I
looks up the deacon, who is one of
the Smith brother twins and gets my
suite of rooms ordered and my sche-
dule arranged. The deacon advised

(Continued on Page 14)

FOX WALKER
LAST TIMES TONIGHT

A MUSICAL ROMANCE OF THE STAGE

COLLEEN MOORE
"FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS"
A First National Vitaphone Picture
ALL TALKING

Love That Idolizes And Then The Climax

With Scenes in Natural Color

Also An All Talking Comedy "GI" And Fox Movietone News

THURSDAY AND FRIDAY
BILLIE DOVE and EDMUND LOWE in
"PAINTED ANGEL"
Also—"The Mississippi Gambler"

fic signals for our shifts, went over hot. The tacklers could tackle anything from peanuts to Algebra. The guards used the Dempsey system and could take care of all the line punches known.

The cooks fed the squad on raw meat for the entire season putting us into fine trim for manslaughtering our opponents. Nights were spent in games consisting of colored dotted charts which required deposits to see if one had the right hunch as to what they were. This was then followed by musical presentations accompanied by the ukeles. The singers and assistants were occasionally effected with dried tonsils which were lubricated with stale grape juice. These night classes were held for two fold purposes—to develop the social science and for young authors to try their compositions.

By the time the football season begun the team charged like a battery and the backfield had combinations of shifts that would make the football spy as much out of luck as the beefbone is at the dog show.

Why say kid, sneeze the dust out of your brain and look at these scores. We massacred Custer's Baker college 66 to 0; Catalina Marine school, 97 to 0; San Quentin, 54 to 3; Calexico won 11 to 8 and we beat Neptune athletic club 102 to 0. Calexico was just an off day break, so that can't be questioned as a school has some privacies at that.

The Boilermakers had smothered everything in their league with seven wins and one tie. Baker Doe and "Sandy" McWich were their two star half backs who had made Will Rogers All-American for two years. Together these hombres had made 197 points. This was just what old Bill had been looking for as he

poetry as he saw much harmony between my feet and hands and the huge ears indicating brain originality.

I went down to the corral for the pigskin chasers and had a talk with Coach Charley Hoarse. The prospects looked like an array that would make the All-American nominees look like a kindergarten class out for the European speed ball squad.

There was "Snowball" Black, the colored boy who could snake through the opposition like a greased bullet, at quarterback. With Napoleon Ripper at half, Bull Santana at fullback and old Bill Whizzbrain at half, the football world was due for a white-washing. The whole line weighed a nice two hundred a persona. Coach Hoarse run us through a lot of old good fashioned drills using the traf-

FOX BROADWAY
NOW— CLOSES THURS.

Smashing Drama Different With An Exciting Climax
He's At His Best

GEORGE BANCROFT
in **"The MIGHTY"**
with **ESTHER RALSTON**
WARNER CLAND
A PARAMOUNT PICTURE
ALL TALKING

Also Charley Chase in "Stepping Out"

THREE DAYS STARTS FRI.
That Famous Comedy Drama

JOSEPH M. SCHENCK PRESENTS
"THREE LIVE GHOSTS"
ALL TALKING! ALL STAR!

THE LAUGH HIT
Of The Season

A Good Business Training
Under Excellent
Instructors

Congenial and Pleasing Surroundings
The Johnston School

O. S. Johnston, Pres. T. Gray Johnston, Bus. Mgr.

Business Institute
And
Secretarial School

415 N. Sycamore Santa Ana Telephone 3029

hadn't run up against any wild ball toters all season and I was just looking for a little ruff society, to mix with as these two gents seemed to be the menu for me.

"Sandy" McWitch kicked-off for the Boilermakers and the egg-shaped pill looked like it would go over the goal posts but Spiff Elephant the end drug out the pill and riced 30 yards before he was nailed. Nandicon hit the line for no gain, the Boilermakers were handling our men like vacuum tanks. Bull throws a pass to Snowball and he riced 20 yards before Baker laid him down like a nigrion. Another pass by Bull knocked Snowball who was standing on the four yard line over the goal marker with three tacklers hanging on him. The ball thudded like a shot report—it was a touchdown.

The Boilermakers came back and started to play like wildmen and started to punch our line like a sieve and commenced to show us how to run a track meet. By the third quarter the score was 20 to 6 for the Boilermakers. Sandy was beginning to tease me and when he called me a "chicken". I picked up the baby and bounced him on his ear so hard that they towed him out with the stretcher. I never had anything against him but "chicken" burned me up plenty. Baker and him had pierced our line for a hospital list having

sent eight of our men to the cots. All the bench warmers made our line look like a Sunday school class by now and with Sandy out of the way, things looked better now. Baker kept coming all the time for long gains and he began to get canary so I spills him when he yells, "I'll show you nuts how to play a man's game." "Let me at him," I says. He says, "give me that ball," and he comes. I picks him up and tosses him like a baby steer. He lays there for a while and then gets up and yelps for a corset and plays some more. Game fellow that Baker boy.

We were now on a rampage and every time we went into that "crap game formation", Snowball would flip a coin to see who was going to make the next touchdown.

The score was 80 to 20 in favor of the Moredames when the battle was over. Hospitals were now full of patrons. Salty Beach was buggier and wilder than Coney Island on Fourth of July that night. Of course Bill Whizzbrain was their hero.

It was another story of a boy from

the country who had made good. Now Long Beach, Iowa was known in the athletic world.

Telegrams, love letters, radio and movie contracts came by the bushels, but your old friend Bill Whizzbrain was a different caliber of a man. He is a self-made man and destined to be a poet, his latest compositions being "The Barelegged Vamp", "The Fairies in the Garden" and "Coming thru with the Rye".

OVER THE EDITOR'S DESK

(continued from page 2)

dent puts his very heart and soul into a short article which shows that those who have the Don spirit never lose it.

On behalf of the school, we wish to thank John M. Tubbs, manager of the Reid Motor Co., for his kindness and cooperation in transporting the entire football team to the station before leaving for Sacramento.

CHRISTMAS

THEN AND NOW

"It is now December and he that walks the streets shall find dirt on his shoes. Now doth the lawyer make an end of his harvest and the client of his purse. Now plums and spice, sugar and honey, square it among pies broth, and Gossip I drink to you, and you are welcome, and I thank you, and how do you do and I pray you be merry. Now are the tailors and the tiremakers full of work against the holidays, and music must now be in tune or else never. They outh must dance and the aged sit by the fire. It is the law of Nature and no contradiction in reason. The ass that hath borne all the year must now take a little rest, and the lean ox must feed till he be fat. . . . The apparel of the proud will make the tailor rich. . . . Starchers and launderers will have their hands full of work, and periwigs and paintings will not be a little set by. Strange stuffs will be well sold. Strange tales well told, Strange sights much sought, Strange things much bought, And what else falls out . . . Farewell."

Nicholas Breton, in "Fantasies" (1926) gives us an idea of the Christmas season in those days:

TIMES CHANGE CONDITIONS OF LIFE BUT PEOPLE THEN SEEM TO HAVE BEEN MUCH AS WE ARE TODAY.

We hope you are well. If you are, you ought to be happy even tho' your purse does not bulge.

So a MERRY CHRISTMAS to all. EXCELSIOR CREAMERY COMPANY

Merry
Christmas
and
Happy
New Year

Hugh J. Lowe

SURVEY OF NINETEEN TWENTY-NINE
FOOTBALL SEASON*Continued From Page Five*

ing outplayed their rivals throughout the encounter.

An intersectional game with Phoenix junior college was next on the calendar but the Bruins went down to a 56 to 0 trimming.

Then came the first league game with the Pasadena junior college. The Millionaires had been conference champions four successive times and were again one of the favorites to cop the crown in 1929. With the loss of Orville Schuchardt, shifty quarterback, Coach Cook had the problem of finding a man to take the vacancy. Wayne Garlock, former Santa Ana high school star was given the call, and he made good. The Dons took the Pasadena down a notch right off the bat and sent them home with a 6-0 defeat. Santa Ana should have had another touchdown but the half ended just as the ball was on the Pasadena goal line and the drive was of no avail.

In the second league game the strong Compton Tartars were turned back by a 14-0 score. The Dons were in the best of condition and nothing could stop them. The Tartars had previously held the upper hand, but this year it was a cinch for Santa Ana. Manderscheid, flaming Don fullback, was the big noise that day and ran all over the field. When five yards were needed Manderscheid would make ten.

Next came the Chaffey Panthers. The Dons seemed to make it a habit to use Chaffey as a stumbling block because they had once before been beaten by the Panthers in a practice tilt. It was really not quite fair that the two teams should play again because of the early pre-season encounter of the two teams, but Pomona dropped from the conference and Santa Ana was forced to play Chaffey again. It seemed as though the Padres were not quite awake or something and couldn't get going. In the third period, Keough, Chaffey quarterback threw a long pass which accounted for the only score of the game.

Still feeling the sting of defeat from the Panthers, the Dons took it out on San Bernardino, their next rivals and walloped them 38-0. Things looked quite a bit better this time with every man getting a chance to "strut his stuff", which he did. San Bernardino did not even once threaten to score.

In the fifth conference tilt the Padres found a tough opponent in the Long Beach Vikings. The Vikings were seeking revenge from a supposedly raw deal given them last year, but were soon tamed. The Dons scored one of the most impressive victories of the season by coming home with a 22-0 victory. Dutton and Manderscheid, plunging fullbacks, raised havoc with the Viking forward wall and ripped off huge gains. Manderscheid once getting off to a beautiful jaunt of 52 yards for a touchdown.

On the following Saturday Santa Ana met unexpected competition in the Glendale Buccaneers. Glendale was talked of being the "weak sister" of the conference, but she proved to be a "powerful Katrinka" to the Dons. The Bucs scored first in the second period and led 6-0 until

late in the last period when little Johnny Keeler went in to save the day. Keeler, after several beautiful gains flipped a short pass to Sweetnam to win the game.

The next and final game of the season was with the old rivals, the Fullerton Yellowjackets, in Santa Ana on Thanksgiving day.

The game was to decide the conference championship for both teams along with Pasadena were tied for first place, the Yellowjackets also having won all but one game. Both teams took the field before a crowd of 5,000 spectators on even terms. Things began to look bad for the Padres in the first half when the Yellowjackets took a 13-0 lead.

The Dons came back in the second half to display a brand of football which will make Santa Ana J. C. remembered throughout history. With apparent defeat staring them in the face, a valiant band of eleven loyal Spaniards swept down the turf three times to score exactly that many touchdowns, and win the game, and with it the undisputed crown of Southern California championships.

The last half produced the most spectacular bit of football ever witnessed on Poly field. Santa Ana made one drive of 81 yards which resulted in a score in the third period and put the score at 13-7 for the Hornets. About five minutes later in the fourth period another drive of 70 yards resulted in a score and left the scoreboard at 13 all. Not yet acknowledging defeat and with only three minutes left to play, Santa Ana again staged a drive from deep in their own territory to the Hornets four yard line. With but 10 seconds left to play Garlock took a jab at tackle but was held. Then came the fatal moment. The ball was leaving the center's hand as the gun shot. Nevertheless the play was legal because the ball was in the air. Garlock faded back and tossed a beautiful pass to Sweetnam who scrambled across the goal line and the game was over, and won.

Not yet satisfied with the crown of Southern California champions, the Dons went to Sacramento to play for the state championship.

The long ride was none too good for the players, for hot boxes delayed the train five hours and kept the Dons awake most of the night.

The game was a toss-up with both of the teams making yards at will. However, the deception used by the Sacramento team was too much for the Santa Anans and consequently, they came home on the short end of a 12-0 score, although the ball was carried within the 10-yard line two times.

Santa Ana was offered a game of national importance with the Bellefont Military Academy of Pennsylvania, but declined. This impressive football season of the Dons will draw many prep stars for the 1930 football squad.

"What do you call that style of swimming?"

"That is the paralysis glide."

"Why do you call it that?"

"Oh, just one stroke after another."

MY FRENCH CLASS



Ginsberg: "Misteh Ottist, I vant you should make me a doughnut sign."

Painter: "Certainly, Mr. Ginsberg, but I thought you were a butcher, not a baker."

Ginsberg: "Sure I'm a butcher; I vant it a sign: 'Doughnut hendel de feesh'."

"Did you hear about the woman who had three children, but when she returned home she had six?"

"No, how come?"

"Well, while she was away the children ate a lot of green apples and doubled up."

"I'm kind of in the dark as to what I should eat."

"Then you'd better stick to a light diet."

If she wants a date—Meter.

If she comes to call—Receiver.

If she wants an escort—conductor.

If she wants an angel—Transformer.

If she proves your fears are wrong—Compensator.

If you think she is picking your pockets—Detector.

If she is slow of comprehension—Accelerator.

If she goes up in the air—Condenser.

If she wants chocolates—Feeder.

If she is a poor cook—Discharger.

If she eats too much—Reducer.

If she is wrong—Rectifier.

If her hands are cold—Heater.

If she fumes and sputters—Insulator.

If she wants a vacation—Transmitter.

If she talks too long—Interrupter.

If she is narrow in her views—Amplifier.

If her way of thinking is not yours—Corrector.

Author: "When my play was produced the public stormed the ticket office."

Friend: "Did they get their money back?"

Radio announcer: "The Harmony Trio will now sing 'Together'."

Fan: "It's about time."

You know, I'm taking French this year,
An' gee, it sure is fun.
We talk an' sing an' read an' write
An' all of it in French is done.

The teacher talks away so fast
That we look on with puzzled mein
You sure have got to study hard
If knowledge you would gain.

The teachers says "Qu'est-ce que c'est?"

And "Montre-moi une pomme."

And "Qui' avez vous dans votre poche?"

But we sit there and look dumb.

We sing a song about Frere Jacques

Who overslept so long

That he forgot to ring the bell,

Gee, it sure is some swell song

And then we sing another song

About another guy

Who wanted a pen to write a note,

I'm sure I don't know why.

But anyway, it was at night

And he woke up his friend

And asked him for his precious pen

Which said friend refused to lend.

Yes, French is awfully interesting

And not so very hard.

But then I may change my mind

When I see my report card.

"Please, just one. My heart, wealth,
car, pin, anything is yours. Woman,
are you mad?"

On my knees I implore and
offer you any-
thing for—"

"No", a cool
voice cut him
off. "This is
my last smoke
and I want it myself."

Patient: "How much do I owe
you?"

Dentist: "One hundred and forty
dollars, sir."

Patient: "And you call this pain-
less dentistry?"

Mrs. Newly-wed: "I want some A
batteries, some B batteries, and some
D batteries."

Hardware clerk: "Beg pardon
madam, but what are the D bat-
teries for?"

Mrs. Newly-wed: "Why, the door-
bell, of course."

Magician (to small boy as he is
called on stage): "Now, my boy, you
have never seen me before, have
you?"

Boy: "No, daddy."

Boy: "No, daddy."

Boy: "No, daddy."

Boy: "No, daddy."

Boy: "No, daddy."

Boy: "No, daddy."

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Boy: "No, daddy."



A minister, in addressing his flock,
began: "I see many bright and shin-
ing faces," and just then eighty-
five women took their powder puffs.

Our definition of busy: A one-
armed man trying to open an um-
brella in a Santa Ana wind.

Mrs. Onaldoff was finishing read-
ing a story to her little Joe. "And
so they lived happily ever after."

Little Joe: "My, but wasn't it
lucky they didn't get married?"

Ajo: "You say Scumgullion is a
strict vegetarian?"

Lecher: "Yeah, he won't even let
his kids eat animal crackers."

Teacher: "William, how many
bones have you in your body?"

William: "Nine hundred."

Teacher: "That's a great many
more than I have."

William: "But, teacher, I had sar-
dines for lunch."

Ida: "Do you file your finger
nails?"

Jack: "No, I just throw them
away after I cut them off."

"Pardon me, Professor, but last
night your daughter accepted my pro-
posal of marriage. I have called to
ask if there is any insanity in your
family?"

"There must be!"

"Grandma, can you help me with
this sum?"

"I could, dear, but I don't think
it would be right."

"No, I don't suppose it would; but
have a try at it anyway."

Frosh (reciting): "I can't tell you
professor but it's right on the tip of
my tongue."

Professor: "Let's see your tongue."

She was only a baker's daughter,
but she could spot all the dough in
town.

Teacher: "Give me an explanation of three punctuation marks."
 Student (in language of today): "A comma is the brake that slows down the speed, an exclamation point is an accident, and the period is a bumper."

What does your father do?
 He's a florist. What's yours?
 He's a carpenter too.



The house-hunter was having considerable trouble getting just what he wanted. "I want," he said to the agent, "a house at least five miles from any other house."

Frances: "If you have a son, are you going to send him here to school?"
 Tommy: "No, he'd probably graduate before I would."

She was only a washwoman's daughter, but she had an awful line.

He: "I'm going to kiss you every time a star falls."

She (ten minutes later): "You must be counting the lightning bugs."

"Say, why do you smoke Lucky Strikes?"

"They're so collegiate."

"Half-baked, eh?"

Customer: "I don't want those crackers. Someone told me that the rats ran over them."

Grocer: "That isn't true because the cat sleeps in the box every night."

B—, B—, B—.

Pet definition of Santa Ana Junior College Brotherhood of Bachelors on Sabbath—:

I. W. W.'s—Independent Wild Women! !

Thanks to — Mr. Baxter Geeting, Esq. (a J. L.)



"Gimme some of those labor union matches."

"Labor union matches?"

"Yea, the kind that strike anywhere."

GUESS THIS ONE



Last minute shoppers, their arms filled with bundles, were jostling and pushing one another in that hurried rush which precedes Christmas. The air was filled with the cries of the clerks, mingled with the noise and confusion of a large department store.

Apart from this jostling, hurly-burly crowd stood a man of perhaps twenty-five years. A casual passerby would not have given him a second glance, but an observant person might have noticed the look of determination in his black eyes. The set of his jaw proclaimed that he was not to be trifled with. In repose his face must have lost some of its determination, but at the moment he was plainly worried. His eyes had the look of one who is searching for someone.

He had been standing at the corner of the jewelry department for some better than two hours. The clerks had ceased to regard him with interest, not because he had ceased to become an object of interest, but because he was entirely oblivious of their presence.

His glance quickens. Could this be the object of his search? Never. This dowdy poorly-dressed woman could not be the cause of his long wait. He heard a sigh. Could it be that he was to fail in his mission? Were his hopes to be shattered? Was he to be disgraced among his friends and comrades? Was she the kind who would keep him waiting with no word of apology? It could not be.

Down the aisle comes the young woman. Not an ordinary girl, but a very entrancing one. Her coat and fur were of the latest style, setting off her exotic, dark beauty.

The man's eyes brightened. At last she had come! But no, she walks on to the next counter and disappeared.

This waiting! Would it never end! The thought formed a chant in his mind. Waiting, waiting, waiting.

A portly figure approaches and accosts the man.

"All right, Joe, you can go now. Detective Nelson will take your place. So long."

He wasn't waiting for his dream girl after all. He wasn't even going to pursue the dark maiden. He was only a detective, hired by the department store, and he was paid for waiting.

"I must go on. I can't go back to the party."

"Why not?"

"I've burnt my britches behind me."

Wilma: "Why does an Indian wear feathers on his head?"
 Evelyn: "Why, I guess to keep his wigwam."

Farmer: "Don't you see that sign marked 'Private—No hunting allowed'?"

Hunter: "I don't read anything marked private."

"Shay, ossifer, gimme a mirror."
 "What do you want with a mirror?"

"I wanna shee who I am."

At the end of the service tonight, the choir will sing a special anthem composed by the organist, after which the church will be closed for a month for necessary repairs.

Mr. Fisher, custom coach worker supreme, has just discovered that the two bodies comin' through the rye were not by Fisher Bodies, Inc.



"Is he a good rabbit dog?" inquired the hunter, after inspecting the animal.

"I'll say he is," the dealer replied with pride. "You should have seen the way he went after my wife's seal-skin coat!"

Dentist: "Pardon me, I must have a drill."

Patient: "Can't I even have a tooth filled without rehearsal?"

She: "Aw, go fly a kite."

He: "Is that the new way of giving me the air?"



THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS
 'Twas the night before Christmas,
 and all over the house,
 The old man was creeping as still as
 a mouse.
 He moved with great caution, moti-
 vated with care,
 But for a' that, his foot hit a chair;
 And then there arose such a terrible
 clatter
 That all in the house asked, "What's
 the matter?"
 And what father said wasn't "Merry
 Christmas to all,"
 But, "Who in the 'ell left that chair
 in the hall?"

"I see," replied the agent. "You
 want to practice the simple life?"
 "No," corrected the house-hunter,
 "I want to practice the saxophone."

"I sugar coat."
 "You what?"
 "I sugar coat."
 "Now, listen here—"
 "Well, her coat was full of sand;
 so I sugar coat."

The oldest woman's club—the
 broomstick.

Cynical customer to baker: "You
 forgot to include a map with that
 loaf of bread you sold me. I can't
 locate the raisins."

Jerry: "What makes that red spot
 on your nose?"
 Harry: "Glasses."
 Jerry: "Glasses of what?"

Bozo: "That was funny about
 Cromson, the Question Box editor,
 getting married wasn't it?"

Bimbo: "Why, I didn't hear; what
 happened?"

Bozo: "Well, when the minister
 asked him if he took Miss Pert to be
 his lawfully wedded wife he said he
 would have to go back to the office
 and look it up."

Teacher: "Fred, your essay on
 'My Mother' was identical to Char-
 lotte's."

Fred: "Yes, mam. We have the
 same mother."

There's many a slip 'twixt the head
 and the pillow.

"My dear Dot, why only one spur?"
 "Don't be silly, Rudy. If one side
 of the horse moves the other must
 too."

Lohengrin of the modern bride—
 here she comes, there she goes.

The man raised his eyes to hers.
 "Come," he said softly. She neared
 him a little tremulously. He gazed
 into the unfathomable depths of the
 liquid blue eyes of the fair young
 maid sitting next to him, oh, so close
 to him. Her face expressed acute
 anxiety, but she was smiling weakly,
 nevertheless. Ever and anon a sigh
 seemed to rend his very soul. For
 many minutes they remained thus.
 Neither spoke, but each gazed in-
 tently—into the eyes of the other.
 "Yes," said the oculist at last.
 "one eye is seriously affected, and
 if not treated immediately may de-
 velop into a decided squint."

His sister called him Willie.
 His mother called him Will.
 But when he went to college,
 To Dad, 'twas Bill, Bill, Bill.

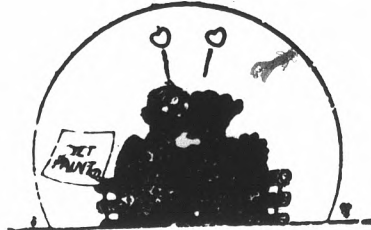
Though it is not generally known,
 snails seldom use asbestos brake lin-
 ing.



"Sophia has cut out having can-
 dles on her birthday cake."

"I suppose she thinks her birth-
 days are no longer to be made light
 of."

B—. B—. B—.



IMPROVE THE MOVIES

Something must be done to aid us
 poor college students. We go to the
 movies to enjoy ourselves and what
 happens? Here the world is supposed
 to be making progress, but the col-
 lege student is about to call that a
 lot more hooey. These darn talkies!
 When one sits up three balconies in
 the air it certainly is amazing to
 see the hero's mouth move and, say
 20 or 30 seconds later, hear his
 speech. Sight is so much quicker than
 sound. Either the two reels must be
 run one a little behind the other or
 else the laws of physics should be
 changed.

All the theaters at Delhi will be re-
 ceiving the collage trade, because
 we prefer to make our own thunder
 in the show. When we want quiet
 we prefer the gentle moo of the pipe
 organ instead of the whine of the
 Chinese violins. When the orchestra
 leader on the screen raises his baton
 we want it so quiet that you can hear
 a pin drop, and not a bowling alley
 pin either. Ah so sweet! Up goes the
 baton and there is perfect silence ex-
 cept for 2324 persons chewing gum
 and stepping on each others feet.

Give us the good ole days when
 peanut shells were ankle deep, and
 the appearance of the hero (no mat-
 ter what he was doing) called forth
 loud clapping, whistling, etc. How
 about some old-fashioned movies for
 our assemblies, if the alma mater
 would stand for it?

Mr. Newlywed: "You can't make
 pies like my mother used to make."

Mrs. Newlywed: "Neither can you
 make the dough my father used to
 make."

HOLIDAY GREETINGS
 TO EVERY DON
 AND DONNA

from

T. J. NEAL
 209 E. 4th Street
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PARTY GOODS

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SOCIAL STATIONERY

We teach Crepe Paper
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from
KETNER'S CAFE
MINNIE KETNER

Donnas & Dons
MERRY CHRISTMAS
and
A JOYOUS HAPPY
NEW YEAR
is the wish of
Sumner's

Seasons
Greetings
To Our Old Customers
And
Also to Those
Who Will be Customers

**Greenleaf's
Motor Market**

Late Model
Guaranteed Cars

912 N. Main St.
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**The R.A. Tiernan
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**A Merry Christmas
and a
Happy New Year**

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Wishes the Dons

A MERRY
CHRISTMAS

*For
Xmas*

Tie Sets
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**"HE"
TOLD US
TO
TELL YOU**

that he hoped you would remember to go to HIS favorite store for HIS gift—gifts that men would buy for themselves if they had anything to say about it!

Vander-mast
FOURTH & BROADWAY

**Join the 1930
Christmas Savings Club**



25c a week

50c a week

\$1.00 a week

\$2.00 a week

and have the money
you need for gifts
next year!

What a grand and glorious feeling to get a check from us on December 1st, which you can use to spend for gifts! Join the Christmas Savings Club and you'll enjoy this pleasant experience. You can pay any amount into the club—from 25c a week up. And your payments draw 1% interest. Be with this happy club family next year!

**FARMERS & MERCHANTS
SAVINGS BANK**

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